

## IN GOTHAM.

High Life and Low Life in New York.  
Tracing a Relation Between the  
Moral and Physical.

More Crime Among the Poor Than the  
Rich—Because the Poor Drink Rum  
in Grog Shops.

Boston Globe.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—I wonder if there is any connection, psychological or otherwise, between the moral and physical conditions existing in communities.

For instance, let us take New York of to-day.

What do we find? A condition of morality absolutely unprecedented, a condition of physical uprightness which is a text for universal complaint from one end of the town to the other. Absurd as it is in fact, for the sake of argument, we will concede that our city government is the fountain from which flow streams of influence, of power, of example. A fountain which is filled with impurity, into which have been for many years emptied the mean, the poor, the ambitious, the avaricious, the corrupt elements which have risen like the scum from the bottom of citizenship to the top. Continuing the assumption for the sake of argument and illustration, what could have been expected from that fountain so corrupt, different from that which we find along the line of crime and of general infelicitous existence. All history shows that as nations grow in power they grow in wealth, and as they grow in wealth they lapse into habits of luxury, effeminacy, dissipation, and indulgence in criminalities great and small. Decadence of this nature is the certain precursor of ultimate ruin. Recurring to fact and leaving out assumption, we find that corruption has ruled in our places of authority for years, to such an extent that the interference of an outraged press has been invoked, the courts have been appealed to, and bills and laws have been utilized to separate men once high in office from those over whom they wickedly dominated.

And society? Still disregarding assumption and adhering to fact, it may be truthfully asserted that never has New York society been so weak, so vacillating, so effeminate, so frivolous, so capricious, so vain, so sickeningly silly, as it is to-day, the cap and climax of a decade of idocy.

And wicked? Yes. Those who have dared to be wicked are wicked, and indeed all vain, frivolous creatures are wicked, judged by a lofty standard, but I use the term "wicked" here as applicable to those who commit heinous and punishable crimes, to those who thwart the lower laws, who steal, who murder, who commit offences so gross that even blunted consciences are aroused to punitive action.

New York, as I have repeatedly told you, is divided into two classes only—the rich and the poor.

We had here a few of what are ordinarily known as the middle class, by which term are indicated men and women who toil and work for a little more than their absolute necessities, who live in comfort without show, asking favors from none, independent in thought, fearless in action and with sufficient laid by to meet the day of cloud and storm. We have so few of that grade of men in this city that they are not worth speaking of as between the two great distinctions of rich and poor, the rich being men who have attained success in business, or occupation of whatever nature, the poor being those who are literally dependent upon others for employment inadequately remunerated, and generally of a nature from which true manhood necessarily shrinks. The crimes of the very rich and the crimes of the very poor spring from a common nature. There are not as many murders among the rich as among the poor.

Why? Because the source of crime, brutal in its type, is drunkenness, drunkenness produced by over-indulgence in inflammatory liquors. There are grades of drunkenness. All drunkards are abhorrent, but all are not violent, and it is rare that the rich man, drunk from champagne, rolls or staggers or violently pushes through the streets, insulting his fellows, mistreating women, children, horses, assaulting the police or indulging in deeds of violence upon the highway. His debauch is in his club, in the house of his friend, in the glided restaurant, in his own apartments. On the other hand, the drunkenness of the poor is a rule born of excessive drinking in a corner grocery, in some lower haunt of vice, in a series of convenient ghettos, whence the poor man can be ejected as soon as he is full or his money gone, whence he can be thrown upon the sidewalk and shunted unceremoniously to the nearest station house by a passing policeman. It is a very different thing to get drunk in a club house, or in your own apartments, and to be put tenderly and carefully into bed by your valet or your friend, from what is to get drunk in a street at midnight, to become involved in a brawl with some insulted passer, and then, after brutal beating, to be hauled to a station house, pitched into a cell with a stone for a pillow—dirty, unkempt, wallowing in his own destruction, to be aroused the following morning and taken, with a score of fellow-unfortunates, before a sleepy and careless magistrate.

Some difference there. NEW YORK SOCIETY, HIGH AND LOW, is in a condition of ferment abnormal, unique. What do you find our rich men doing? They work. Many of them work more in a day than the humblest dirt singer in their employ. They bring to bear intelligence, study, research, thought, patience, and evolve from the crucible of their machine enterprises in the interest of their fellow men.

But then? But then they start, with many an honorable exception, upon a career absolutely unbridled in its license, with a boundless scope affecting men, women, customs, defying laws of God and man, breaking down the barriers of decency, utterly regardless of the teachings of the Bible, the suggestions of their own conscience, the example of their fathers.

Look at them? Come with me to the Metropolitan opera house and see the shameless ness of the women. Women who started in the humble home of a landress. Women who never until the rising and setting of the present sun knew the meaning of a \$5 bill. Women to whom but recently the feeble flicker of an imitation was as beautiful and as worshipful as the magnificent radiance of a most symmetrical reality. It is no exaggeration to say that in that superb temple of music, at a time when its manager is providing, through

his expert artists in the orchestra and on the stage, material for thought, for feeling, material which should excite the imagination and make your heart glow with enthusiasm, these shameless creatures with their bare backs turned to the stage and their equally bare bosoms exposed to the view of thousands, giggle and flirt and whisper behind their fans so as to attract the attention of the thoughtless and secure the calm, indignant look of the judicious. Our papers are filled with stories of scandal in what they are pleased to term "high life."

High life in New York means plenty of money.

Read in our conspicuous metropolitan dailies the lists that are published day in and day out of the high livers who attend this wedding, that reception, the other occasion of festivity. Do you find ever, in either of those lists, the name of a man noted along the path of science, of the world is invited for an inspiring thought, whose heart has ever pulsated in the interest of a common humanity, whose hand has ever been outstretched with a generous palm to the suffering and the poor? You know you don't. You know you read the same everlasting string of sickening nobodies, their money being left out of the calculation. The women, as a rule, are frivolous in manner, heartless in conduct. They imitate the weaknesses of foreigners, and disregard the homely virtues of the good wherever they are found. Men who can find exhilaration in chasing another man with an auto-seed bag in his coat-tail, who think it's the proper caper to be known to an intellectual community by reason of peculiarly out collar or an idiotic stare, men whose great nature sends forth as absolute a stench along the line of existence as that which issues from their cigarette polluted mouths, and sons of these rich men respect virtue nowhere. They recognize honor nowhere, save what they are pleased to call their debts of honor. A man who will cheat his tailor out of \$100 would scour the city to raise \$1000 that he lost at cards. These "scandals in high life," with which our papers are filled, ramify the entire realm of dirt, domestic infidelity, dishonor in all its many phases. Indecent men, dishonorable women, seek refuge in our divorce courts.

Now and then some one of them has wit enough to blow the top of his head off with a pistol ball.

Most of them find their way to our asylums, and jibber and chatter in unconscious idocy, precisely as in earlier days they have jibbered and chattered like foreign monks with such sense as God originally endowed them. What sort of society can be expected among women to whom the cut of a dress, the law of a feather, are of more consequence than all else in life? What can be expected of women who regard the birth of a child as a calamity, who look forward to the careful tending and nurturing of a God-given son or daughter as the greatest curse that could happen, because forsooth it necessitates the taking of some time away from a group of negligees, a company of dissolute associates?

High life in New York is dancing toward the pit of infamy.

AND HOW ABOUT LOW LIFE? Read the papers. Aldermen in jail, courts filled with stories of dissipation and crime of every nature, Blackwell's Island absolutely swarming with men and women so bad that the strong hand of the law was compelled to push them beyond the pile of civilization. Sing Sing is packed. The Tombs is overcrowded. As certain as the sun rises after its going down comes the daily brawl, the nightly murder. Burglars, thieves of every nature, dissipations of every sort and kind, thrive in the corrupt soil provided for them by men and women in "high life," who set bad example, deriving from their low life simply in the attitude of the tree in which they nest.

Why, we have got to that point of morals in this city that the universal press are holding up for office a young man of no special ability, of no experience whatever, simply because he is presumed to be honest, and he is presumed to be honest because, having charge of the prosecution of certain prominent cases in court, he did his best to convict the men who were accused of crime. That he differed from his chief, that he differed from his associates, I doubt very much any one will dare to claim, and yet, having produced the impression that he is honest, the press seek to-day to elevate him at the expense of his chief, and at the expense of his associates, using the simple, solitary and all alone argument, "He is honest." There is no pretense that he has unusual ability, although he is a bright, straight forward and promising young man. There is no pretense that he has had experience, because he was taken without practice by the favor of his present chief, who made him a trusted assistant, and as such assistant he has done remarkably well for so young a man. And the only pretense that he is any more honest than anybody else is that he has evinced a very proper zeal in the prosecution of cases left in his charge.

What a comment upon the morality of this great city, where there are lawyers of unusual ability of wide extended experience and hitherto unquestioned integrity, that this young man, without any special qualification, and without any experience whatever, save that which he has obtained by the favor of his present chief, is made an almost unanimous choice because he is honest.

Well, that's a good sign after all. It begins to look as though there was something besides money, something besides slavish imitation of foreign absurdities, but this is the only indication, and that I am sure you will say is not over much.

But we started with a suggestion as to whether there was any subtle connection between the

MORAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITIONS of communities. That we are upset morally is clear enough to any man who cares to study the situation. We pay \$20,000 a year to clergymen who can fill churches, not with the poor, not with men of humble means, but with rich men. Some of our churches look more like opera houses inside than they do like temples of the Most High. A ragged coat would soon be turned from the doors of our fashionable churches. Our sleek divines have no words of condemnation for present ills. They bombard the Jews and the nations of antiquity.

They hold up to scorn the unbelieving infidels, but they say nothing against the swift flowing tide of corruption which washes up and down their carpeted broad aisles as vigorously and as pushingly as those which fill the channels of our rivers. They have nothing to say about the vanity of this pew, about the rascality of that, of the selfishness of the other, or the avarice of them all. They preach Christ and him crucified, but not that his imperial example should send humility through the jeweled audience from A to Z, not that his habit of ministration to those beneath him should be followed by them, not that

his character should be their example, but that a calm and sensitive influence might reign throughout the place, that the salary shall be paid regularly, and the services of the church be made as unobtrusive and charming as money and experience along the line of art can secure.

A great wedding, a marriage in "high life" is announced.

The papers are full of it.

Well, do they tell of the worth mental, moral, of the groom?

Do they speak of the deeds he has done, of the accomplishments that make him an example to his fellows?

Oh, no, they tell about his money.

And the bride? Is she spoken of for the loveliness of her character, the charm of her maidenly modesty, the excellence of her charity? Oh, no. The magnificence of her toilet is exploited, the coquetry of her jewels is commented upon, and a long list of presents, often humbugs at that, is printed, with the names of the donors and the cost of the articles.

Oh, it is silliness running rampant; it is idiosyncrasy growing silly.

And as it is in our morals, so it is in our physical conditions. From one end of the city to the other, from one side to the other, the town is absolutely turned up the roots. Mayor Hewitt is as powerless and as devoid of executive ability as imbecility itself. Neither he nor the common council, nor the corporation counsel, nor all the newspaper press combined, can overthrow the power that comes from a felicitous combination of wealth, audacity and avarice.

Years ago the order came, "Take down those wires." Well, are they taken down? Years ago an ordinance was passed, "Trenches shall remain open 80 long." Well, with the exception of a single trench dug at the side of Mayor Hewitt's house, there is not one that has not been open from three to ten weeks, and some of them three months. There are laws regulating the number of passengers to be carried. Are they obeyed? Packed in with the other human hogs, packed in with the restless tides of humanity, going up and down our streets, answer the question. Our streets are filthy, our pavements are burlesques, our sidewalks are cumbered, impudent drivers rule the streets, there is not one single physical condition on all fours with the

Bad place to live in, isn't it?

No, it isn't. There is not a more delightful spot in this great beautiful country than New York city as a residence, winter or summer. But it has reached a crisis. It has reached a point in morals which is appalling, and a condition of affairs physically which is absolutely disgusting.

What is the remedy?

Oh, well. I am not answering conundrums; I am putting them.

HOWARD'S POINTS.

"Henrietta," Howard's new comedy, is the novel bit of the season. Manager J. M. Hill has transformed the old Union Square theater into a boudoir of luxurious elegance and placed the new comedy in a series of frames worthy the picture so deftly drawn by my successful namesake. The Union Square is packed literally every night, and the old-time sign of "standing room only," indicates the amount of prosperity that attends these fortunate individuals. Mr. Crane never appeared to such advantage in his life. He is fitted with a part in every way enjoyable, and he makes the most of it. Mr. Crane has grown a great deal in the last three years, but his head remains its normal proportions. There seems to be something the matter with Robinson, I don't know what; he is not a favorite with his company, and rumor has it that he and Manager Hill have had serious disagreements. They are not on speaking terms, and all business between them is done through the medium of Joseph Brooks, the agent of Robinson and Crane. So tremendous has been the success of "Henrietta" that Mr. Hill advises Messrs. Robinson and Crane to extend their time, which they could easily have done by paying \$5000 to Van Amburg, but they declined it until Van Amburg saw the advantage he had, when he raised his terms to \$10,000. In my judgment "Henrietta" could run a year in this theatre.

I hear of nothing specially new in the theatrical line. Will Palmer tells me that while "Jim, the Penman," is filling the home house, with the home company, to a greater business than was ever done before, the outside companies, Nos. 1 and 2, are astonishing the treasurer by the quantity of the cash receipts. I hear that the artistic excellence of the outside companies almost equals that of the home company, and Miss Ada Dyer is with company No. 1, as is James Whitney, while Miss May Brooklyn and George Edgar play the same parts in company No. 2. I predicted when then this play was first produced in McVicker's Chicago theatre that if it were put on in the Madison Square theatre, with the same cast, Mr. Palmer could run it for two years without intermission. The diagnosis of that time I adhere to. Palmer and his associates have already made between \$80,000 and \$100,000, with the prospect of as much more easily. I see by the Detroit papers that Lotta has made a great hit in a character called Mag in a play by Grease, called "Hello, Hello, Hello." "Paw Paw" is Lotta, and that she achieves success in a play and part specially provided for her goes without saying. She is admirably supported by John Howson, George Bonifay, Jr., Lillian Richardson and Augusta Richmond. Lillian Richardson appears to have produced a first-class impression and made a pronounced hit.

Ned Harrigan's return, with his "Leather Patch," on the stage and Dave Braham's marvellous orchestra in front of it, has given a push to things dramatic. Harrigan's future is envied by none. Every one feels that he deserves all he has and more. Power to his elbow, say I. Mart Hanley, his manager, has had a second attack of indigestion, absurdly called apoplexy, and he has been seriously ill. He is liked by everybody and ought to be.

The selection of Lyman Abbott as temporary preacher in Plymouth church would be fully in view of the strained relations between him and Mr. Beecher, if it were not such a serious illustration of the adage that we are pretty soon forgotten after we are gone. Plymouth church may last, but I fail to see how or why.

The Nellie Bird who has made a sensation in the World by her ten-column story of insane asylum treatment, is the bright-eyed foxy of whom I wrote in the Globe some weeks ago. She is a dear, good girl, true as steel, quick-witted and full of pluck. Make no mistake about Nellie Bird.

Weather cold and delightful.

HOWARD.

The Very Best News and family paper in the state is the WEEKLY GAZETTE; price reduced to \$1 a year.

## Terrell.

Special to the Gazette.

TERRELL, TEX., Oct. 28.—Two elevators have been erected at the water works well and the work of excavation goes on rapidly. Quite a crowd has been attracted to the spot right recently by the amount of rock blasting being done. The well will be nearly deep enough in ten days more if the weather continues favorable.

Terrell has 10 per cent. more capital invested in merchandise this year than any year previous, and the buildings that have recently been built indicate prosperity, not more from the fact that they have been built than for the stability of such buildings.

While Mrs. Branham was out driving this afternoon she met two ladies on horseback. One of the horses ran into Mrs. Branham's buggy, breaking the shafts off and leaving her and her little baby sitting in the buggy shaftless and the horse still hitched. The position was a precarious one, but the horse fortunately made no efforts to run, and the vehicle was finally released and the occupants of the buggy made their way to town, having narrowly escaped possible death.

Armed by Pistol Shots.

Special to the Gazette.

WICHITA FALLS, TEX., Oct. 28.—The people of this little city were aroused from their slumbers about midnight last night by sound of shots from a pistol inside of the city limits and the scream of women. The cause was found to be a difficulty between one R. B. Bowers, a white man, and Henderson Bates, a gentleman of color. It seems several parties had been under the influence of liquor when some unfriendly words were indulged in and Bates struck the white man in the face with his fist, whereupon the white man fired several shots without effect. The grand jury is in session and the matter is being promptly investigated.

Abilene.

Special to the Gazette.

ABILENE, TEX., Oct. 28.—Mr. J. P. Debeck of Bevington, Iowa, who has been a sufferer for years with asthma, and who came here some five weeks ago looking to this climate for relief died last night at the hour of 12 o'clock. His family have been telegraphed the sad news and his body will be held till an answer is received. Duck hunting seems to be the order of the day, and the sportsmen leave the city in great crowds for the lakes which are said to be literally covered with ducks.

Will Be Taken to Tennessee.

Special to the Gazette.

BRYAN, TEX., Oct. 28.—Jim Fisk, a transient man, who was at the last term of the County court of this county convicted of a misdemeanor, and whose case is now pending in the Court of Appeals, was found to be in a lunatic state, and will be transported in the care of an officer to his people at Sparta, Tenn., instead of to an asylum in this state, owing to his not having been a resident of the state the requisite twelve months previous to his becoming insane.

Off for Denton.

Special to the Gazette.

BOWIE, TEX., Oct. 28.—J. M. Strong (formerly editor of Cross Timbers) and family leave to-day for Denton where they will reside. Mr. Strong was one of Montague's best citizens and he carries with him the best wishes of our people in his new home.

Wells' Hair Balm.

WELLS' HAIR BALM restores Gray Hair to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A Tonic Restorative. Prevents hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses and heals scalp.

50c. Druggists.

J. E. WELLS, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

If you are losing your grip on life

"Wells' Hair Balm" goes direct to work.

For weak, nervous, and ailing women.

BUCHU-PAIBA

Great Kidney Cure

BUCHU-PAIBA

Remedies Cures of Catarrh of the Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kidneys and Bladder, Stone or Gravel Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Dropsical Swellings, Incontinence of Urine, and all other Diseases of the Kidneys and all other Diseases of the Bladder.

Prepared by Dr. J. E. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

THE FRUIT AND VINE GROWERS' COLONY

IN THE

OLD GRANDE VALLEY

OF THE

WILLMORE TOWN SITE

Shows the location of the

AND THE

Fruit and Vine Growers' Colony Tract.

A grand public sale of town lots will take place

Saturday, November 5, 1887.

Home seekers and capitalists are invited to attend this sale. Remember the date, Saturday, November 5, 1887. Excursions at greatly reduced rates will leave O. J. Jones, St. Louis and Kansas City for El Paso, Abilene, Dallas, Fort Worth and other Texas cities. For further information and prospectus and maps, etc., address J. O. E. RENNIS, J. B. FRANKLIN, 189 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; W. B. WILLIAMS, El Paso, Tex.

THIS LITTLE MAP

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